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HENRY DODGE

GOVERNOR OF THE ORIGINAL TERRITORY
OF WISCONSIN.



IOGRAPHIES are the life of history. Great men are the chief elements of a nation's power and renown. Plutarch's "Lives" furnish the best account extant of the old Greeks and Romans. He who has mastered the biographies of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, knows the chief parts of American history. When Thomas Carlyle had completed his "Elucidation of Oliver Cromwell" he wrote to Ralph Waldo Emerson: "I wish you would take an America hero and give us a history of him."

The settlement and growth of the territory northwest of the Ohio river is one of the marvels of American history; it cannot be better told than in the lives of its pioneers. Prominent among them, a heroic man, was Henry Dodge. Born in that territory at Post St. Vincents (Vincennes), October 12th, 1782, his life covered nearly the whole of the first century of its settlement. The Canadian French had been earlier upon the ground, but he was the first "American" child born

in what is now the State of Indiana. He was a leader in putting an end to the Black Hawk war. One of the results of that war, "partly as indemnity for the expense incurred, and partly to secure the future safety and tranquillity of the invaded frontier," was a cession to the United States of a tract lying along the west bank of the Mississippi, from which Black Hawk had gone to wage war in April 1832, and upon which the next year the first permanent settlements in what is now Iowa were commenced. He was governor of the original Territory of Wisconsin, when what is now Iowa was included therein. A sketch of his life and public services is appropriate to the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD.

Among his papers, which were preserved by his son, Augustus C. Dodge, is a package bearing the simple inscription in his handwriting, "Commissions in the Service of My Country." There was also included in this package the commission of his father, Israel Dodge, as sheriff of the District of St. Genevieve, signed by William Henry Harrison, governor and commander in chief of the Indiana Territory and of the District of Louisiana, John Gibson, secretary, October 1, 1804.

The commissions of Henry Dodge cover a long period of public service. They embrace the signatures of six presidents of the United States, and of many other distinguished men. It is doubtful if there exists another collection of equal interest and value in the documentary history of the West, unless it may be in connection with the life of William Henry Harrison, or the life of Lewis Cass, who were illustrious pioneers. They were not born, like the subject of this memoir, in the West; but they filled with honor some of its highest stations.

The following is a list of commissions in the package referred to:

1. Lieutenant of Militia in the District of St. Genevieve; signed by James Wilkinson, governor and commander in chief of the Territory of Louisiana; Joseph Browne, secretary, May 10th, 1806.
2. Adjutant of the Militia in the District of St. Genevieve; signed by

James Wilkinson, governor, etc., July 17th, 1806. This commission also bears the oath of office sworn to by H. Dodge before Jno. Smith, T., March 2d, 1807.

3. First Lieutenant of St. Genevieve Troop of Cavalry; signed by Frederick Bates, secretary of the Territory of Louisiana, and exercising as well the government thereof as the office of commander in chief of the militia of said territory; St. Louis, August 14th, 1807.

4. Captain of St. Genevieve Troop of Cavalry; signed by Meriwether Lewis, governor and commander in chief of the Territory of Louisiana; F. Bates, secretary, July 10th, 1809.

5. Marshal for the Territory of Missouri; notification of appointment by President Madison; signed by James Monroe, secretary of state, August 10th, 1813.

6. Sheriff of the County of St. Genevieve; signed by William Clark, governor of the Territory of Missouri; F. Bates, secretary, October 1st, 1813.

7. Brigadier General of the Missouri Territory; to rank as such from the 17th of January, 1814; signed by James Madison, president of the United States; J. Armstrong, secretary of war, Washington, April 16th, 1814.

8. Sheriff of the County of St. Genevieve; signed by Wm. Clark, governor of the Territory of Missouri; F. Bates, secretary, September 30th, 1815.

9. Marshal for the District of Missouri; notification of appointment by President Madison; signed by John Graham, chief clerk of the department of state, February 25th, 1817.

10. Marshal in and for the Missouri District for four years; signed by James Monroe, president; John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, April 25th, 1822.

11. Major General of the Second Division Missouri Militia; signed by Alexander McNair, governor of the State of Missouri; Wm. G. Pettus, secretary of state; St. Charles, May 8, 1822.

12. Marshal of the United States in and for the District of Missouri for four years from April 25th, 1826; signed by J. Q. Adams, president; Henry Clay, secretary of state, December 22d, 1825.

13. Chief Justice of the County Court in and for the County of Iowa for four years from December 1st, 1829; signed by Lewis Cass, governor of the Territory of Michigan; J. Witherell, secretary; Detroit, October 14th, 1829.

14. Colonel in the Militia of the Territory of Michigan; signed by Lewis Cass, governor; October 15th, 1829.

15. Major of the Battalion of Mounted Rangers, to rank from June 21, 1832; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; Lewis Cass, secretary of war, June 22d, 1832.

16. Colonel of the Regiment of Dragoons, to rank from the 4th of March, 1833; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; Lewis Cass, secretary of war; May 10th, 1834.

17. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from July 3d, 1836; signed by Andrew Jackson, president; John Forsyth, secretary of state; April 30th, 1836.

18. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from July 3d, 1839; signed by M. Van Buren, president; John Forsyth, secretary of state; March 9th, 1839.

19. Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin for three years from February 3d, 1846; signed by James K. Polk, president; James Buchanan, secretary of state; February 3d, 1846.

Henry Dodge was of the fourth or fifth generation from Tristram Dodge, one of the original proprietors of Block Island, Rhode Island.¹ His mother, born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was a heroic woman, of Scotch-Irish stock. The Hon. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, was intimately acquainted with her, and "esteemed her as one of the most rarely-gifted and wonderful ladies he had ever met with."² Henry Dodge passed his childhood near Louisville, and at Bardstown, Kentucky. At the age of fourteen he joined his father in Upper Louisiana, then Spanish country, but at different periods returned to Kentucky, where at one time he read law in the office of Col. Allen, who was killed at the battle of the river Raisin, January, 1813. For a sketch of his parents, and for other incidents of his early life, the reader is referred to an article upon his mother, entitled, "A Heroine of the Revolution," in THE RECORD for July, 1886, and to an article upon his son, "Augustus C. Dodge," in THE RECORD for January, 1887.

The public life of Henry Dodge commenced as deputy sheriff of the District of St. Genevieve under his father in 1805, and continued until the expiration of his second term as a senator of the United States in 1857, a period of fifty-two years. In addition to holding the offices indicated by the above enumerated commissions, he was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the State of Missouri in 1820; he was chosen, in July, 1831, a member of the legislative council of the Territory of Michigan to meet at Detroit in May, 1832, but on account of the breaking out of the

¹ Tristram Dodge and descendants, by Robert Dodge, New York, 1886, ch. ix.

² MS. Letter of Mrs. E. A. R. Linn to A. C. Dodge, May 2d, 1854; Life and Public Services of Dr Lewis F. Linn, pp. 11, 16, 17, 344; Benton's Thirty Years' View, v. 2, p. 485.

Black Hawk war he did not attend; he was delegate to Congress from the Territory of Wisconsin, 1841-5; and a senator of the United States from the State of Wisconsin, 1848-57.

In the summer of 1805 Aaron Burr visited the West. He was at St. Louis in September of that year, and threw out vague hints of some splendid enterprise in prospect for the Western country. Whether under feint of an attack upon Mexico in the interest of the United States he aimed to seat himself upon the throne of Montezuma, and extend his empire over the valley of the Mississippi, remains a mystery. President Jefferson believed that something of that kind was in his mind; at the same time he compared him to "a crooked gun whose aim or shot you could never be sure of."¹

Upon Burr's expedition down the Ohio in the fall of 1806, Henry Dodge, with his friend John Smith, T., a man famous for daring adventure, set out to join it. If there was to be any fighting, they said, they must take a hand. They proceeded to New Madrid, where Burr was expecting to meet recruits coming down the Mississippi. Here they were apprised of President Jefferson's proclamation declaring the enterprise unlawful; whereupon they sold their canoes, bought horses, and returned home. They were of Andrew Jackson's way of thinking, who said, "I hate the Dons; I would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited." On reaching St. Genevieve they found themselves indicted for treason by the grand jury then in session. Dodge surrendered himself, and gave bail for his appearance; but feeling outraged by the action of the grand jury he pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and whipt nine of the jurors; and would have whipt the rest, if they had not run away. He was a tall man, over six feet high, straight as an Indian, and possessed great strength.²

¹ Jefferson's Works, v. 5., pp. 28, 68.

² Personal Recollections, by John F. Darby, p. 87.

He was one of the original trustees of St. Genevieve Academy, which was incorporated by act of the governor and judges of the Territory of Louisiana, June 21st, 1808. A large stone building was erected upon a hill overlooking the town, that commands a fine view of the bluffs above, of the prairie below, and of the Mississippi sweeping along in the distance. Mann Butler, the historian of Kentucky, was at one time a teacher in this academy. It was in a flourishing condition in 1854-1862, under the control of Hon. Francis A. Rozier.

A few years after the region west of the Mississippi had come into the possession of the United States, ardent to foster American feeling among the inhabitants, he went up to the ruins of Fort Chartres, to obtain a cannon for a celebration of the 4th of July at St. Genevieve. In the previous century the Fort had been a stronghold of the "Illinois Country;" first, under the possession of both sides of the Mississippi by the French, 1720-1765; afterwards of the east side by the English, 1765-1772.¹ It was now a crumbling ruin. He made up a party consisting of his family, Lewis F. Linn, his half brother, Otto Schrader, one of the judges of the territory, and a few others. They embarked upon a sunny morning in June, 1811, on a keel boat, manned by negroes, who propelled it with poles and sweeps. The voyage was slow and laborious, against a strong current, the distance about ten miles. On reaching the fort they picked out from the debris a heavy cannon, of iron; having no levers or hoisting apparatus, night came on before they succeeded in loading it on the boat, when they floated back to St. Genevieve, the full moon rising

¹ On a gloomy spring night in 1772 the Mississippi made its last wild leap at the old fort, and swept away the southern curtain and bastions. The troops vacated the place and built Fort Gage, on the bluffs near Kaskaskia, which was headquarters during the remainder of the British occupation. Fort Chartres was never reoccupied. Its walls formed a quarry for the people of the neighborhood, who carried them off stone by stone. The magazine alone remains intact, and lifts its bramble-covered arch amid the modern farm-yard into which the place has been converted.—*Dunn's Indiana*, pp. 76, 77.

brightly over the turbid river. The people of the village welcomed them home, and assisted in unloading and mounting the cannon, and its thunders reverberated in honor of American independence. The same cannon served for patriotic occasions for thirty years, until it burst on the fourth of July, 1840.¹

Not a few desperate characters infested the frontiers in those days. His duties as sheriff required energy and decision. While in that office he hung two notorious murderers—Peter Johnson, August 3d, 1810, and Charles Heath, March 9th, 1812—on Academy Hill.

On the first day of October, 1811, he and John Scott, afterwards delegate to Congress from the Territory of Missouri, 1817–21, and member of Congress from the State, 1821–27, were seconds in a duel between two prominent citizens of St. Genevieve, Dr. Walter Fenwick and Thomas T. Crittenden, a brother of the distinguished John Jay Crittenden. The duel was fought on a sandbar, Moreau's Island, a few miles below the village, and Dr. Fenwick fell mortally wounded. Dr. Fenwick had no part in the quarrel which led to the duel, but took a brother's place, from whom Crittenden had refused a challenge.

Before war broke out between Great Britain and the United States in 1812, British emissaries had excited the savages upon the frontiers to hostilities against the American settlements. General Harrison had repulsed them at Tippecanoe, November 7th, 1811; but they rallied to the British side in artful combinations under Tecumseh. Among some tribes, however, there was a division of sentiment. The Sacs of Rock river under "General Black Hawk," as the English called him, entered the British service. Some other bands of Sacs and Foxes were friendly to the Americans, and their chiefs went to St. Louis, and tendered aid to the United States. But our Government declined to employ them. Of restless

¹ Hon. Firmin A. Rozier, in *Fair Play*, St. Genevieve, January 18th, 1885.

nature, the savages could not remain quiet in a time of war. Marauding bands of different tribes, bent on pillage and murder, beset the scattered settlements. In September, 1812, an assault was made upon Fort Madison, the only fort which the United States had erected in what is now Iowa. The "Boone's Lick Settlement," consisting of about 150 families, in what is now Howard and Cooper counties, Missouri, where Daniel Boone had been the earliest adventurer in 1800, and where his son Nathan had commenced the manufacture of salt in 1807, was in a very exposed situation, and suffered frequent depredations. A number of prominent persons in the settlement were killed by the savages.

Upon the call of the governor of the Territory, Henry Dodge took the field. He raised a mounted rifle company at St. Genevieve, and was made major of the Territorial militia, and was subsequently appointed Brigadier General of the militia of the Territory by President Madison. By his courage and skill, having great knowledge of Indian character, he overawed and composed hostile and wavering bands, and carried relief and protection to the frontiers. His half brother, Lewis F. Linn, who had pursued medical studies with Dr. Gault, of Louisville, Ky., accompanied him as surgeon to the troops.

Parts of several tribes belonging on the east side of the Mississippi had been removed at their own request to the valley of the Missouri, that they might be out of the reach of British influence; but they proved perfidious, and were a terror to the settlements. Among them was a band of Miamies (Piankeshaws), which General Harrison had sent west in order to detach them from the Prophet's band. They occupied the region above the mouth of the Osage river. General Dodge conducted an expedition to correct and punish them in the summer of 1814. It consisted of three companies of mounted men; one from Cape Girardeau, one from St. Louis, one from the Boone's Lick Settlement (Capt. Cooper), and sixty-six Shawnees, under Kishkalwa, a Shaw-

nee chief. In making a rapid movement for the purpose of taking the Miamies by surprise, having the Missouri river to cross, the whole command dashed into the rushing stream, and swam their horses to the opposite shore. They found that the affrighted Indians had deserted their village and taken to the woods. On being collected together the Indians gave up their arms, and begged to be spared their lives. Gen. Dodge accepted their surrender, and was making preparations to dispose of them by sending them out of the country. Meanwhile the "Boone's Lickers" had become infuriated against them from finding in their possession and about their persons articles of booty and spoil which they had taken from their kindred and neighbors whom they had plundered and murdered. Word came to the General that there was to be an indiscriminate massacre of all the Miamies. He immediately rode to the spot where they were collected, and found the frightened Indians upon their knees addressing a death-prayer to the Manitou, while the "Boone's Lickers" were in the act of levelling their guns at them. He quickly spurred his horse between the muzzles of the guns and the Indians, and placing the point of his sword to Capt. Cooper's bosom, told him and his men that they could not shoot except through the dead body of their commander. After some angry looks and hard words the Captain demanded his men to desist.

The Miamies expressed the warmest gratitude to Gen. Dodge for saving them from death. They were afterwards conducted in safety to St. Louis, and conveyed to their former home on the Wabash. Long afterwards in narrating the scene to his son Augustus, Gen. Dodge said that he felt more pride and gratification at having saved the lives of his Miami prisoners than he ever did at any triumph upon the field of battle. His magnanimity and firmness of character deeply impressed the friendly Shawnees and Delawares who were in his command. Twenty years after this event, when stationed at Fort Leavenworth as colonel of U. S. Dragoons, he was visited by various Indian chiefs, among others by Kishkalwa, the

Shawnee chief, who had been with his troops in 1814. As the chief came in he embraced and kissed Col. Dodge, to the surprise of his family who were present. Other spectators were deeply impressed as they saw the chief's esteem and affection for his old commander. More than seventy years after the event, a venerable pensioner who had emigrated to California referred with pride to his having been "a soldier under Henry Dodge in the war of 1812."¹

In July, 1815, Gen Dodge was stationed with a strong military force at Portage des Sioux, on the west side of the Mississippi, a short distance above the mouth of the Missouri, to maintain order and to prevent any collision or surprise among the chiefs and headmen of the Sacs and Foxes, Pottawattamies, Sioux, and other tribes, who were there assembled with Governor William Clark, of Missouri Territory, Governor Ninian Edwards, of Illinois Territory, and Auguste Chouteau, of St. Louis, as commissioners of the United States for the purpose of negotiating treaties of peace. His name is appended as a witness to the treaties made with the Teeton and Yancton tribes, July 19, 1815.²

After the war he resumed the business of salt-making which his father had commenced at the mouth of Saline river, and was dubbed "Salt-boiler." At one time he was interested in a large and costly establishment with John Scott and Edward Hempstead at Peyroux's Saline. The business was profitable, but as transportation from the Ohio valley was cheapened by steamboats, which first appeared on the Upper Mississippi in July, 1817, prices declined from five dollars a bushel to 75 cents, and he lost all he had made. He also carried on lead mining and smelting at Shibboleth, in what is now Jefferson County, Mo. The only money in the country was Spanish silver dollars. There was no small coin. "I have frequently seen my father," said his son Augustus, "go to a blacksmith

¹ Record, January, 1887, p. 422.

² U. S. Statutes at Large, vii, 125, 128.

shop with a bag of silver dollars, and then cut them up into halves, quarters and eighths, for small change. My mother made buckskin pockets in his clothes to carry this fractional currency."

In May, 1820, he was elected by the people of St. Genevieve County a member of the Convention that assembled the following month at St. Louis and adopted a Constitution for the State of Missouri. The Territorial legislature of 1818 had proposed as the northern boundary of the State a line drawn due west from the mouth of Rock river. It is interesting to the people of Iowa, and of Missouri also, after the lapse of seventy years, to read the reasons which were then assigned for that proposition, viz:

The districts of country that are fertile and susceptible of settlement are small, and separated from each other at great distances by immense plains and barren tracts, which must for ages remain waste and uninhabited. One of the objects in view is the formation of an effectual barrier against Indian incursions by pushing forward a strong settlement at the little river Platte to the west, and on the Des Moines to the north.¹

The Convention, however, was content with the limits appointed by Congress in the act to authorize the people of Missouri Territory to form a Constitution and State government, approved March 6th, 1820, which fixed the northern boundary at the mouth of the Des Moines river, and west of that river on "the parallel of latitude which passes through the rapids of the river Des Moines." Years afterwards, when that boundary line became a matter of dispute, he gave his testimony in his message to the First Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, at its second session held in Burlington, Des Moines County, November 7th, 1837, as follows:

By the act of Congress of 1820 the limits of the State of Missouri were defined; and it was well understood by the members of the convention who formed the constitution of that state that "the rapids of the river Des Moines" were the rapids on the Mississippi, near the mouth of that river.

Ten years later, under date of Dodgeville, December 11th,

¹ A. State Papers, Miscellaneous, ii, 557.

1847, he gave the following testimony, which was submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the State of Missouri vs. The State of Iowa:

I was a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the State of Missouri in 1820, and during the session of the convention I never understood or heard the rapids in the river Des Moines mentioned to the best of my recollection; and my recollection is clear in 1820 that the lower Mississippi rapids was called "the rapids¹ of the river Des Moines," or "the river Des Moines rapids."

It was a pleasing incident in his capacity as Major General of the militia of Missouri, to receive the Marquis de Lafayette, and do him military honor upon his visit to St. Louis, the 29th of April, 1825.

Embarrassed in his fortunes, Mr. Dodge left Missouri, in 1827, for the Fevre river lead mines. That region was then attracting the adventurous and the enterprising. He reached Galena at the time of a threatened outbreak of the Winnebago Indians, which had alarmed the settlers. He was called upon by Henry and Jean P. B. Gratiot and other prominent citizens to take the lead in the defense of the district. Many had fled into Galena for safety. "The little place" says an eye-witness, "was crowded with families pouring in from the mines. The flat between the bluff and the river was covered with wagons, families camping in them; block houses were erected on the hill, companies forming, drums beating, and General Dodge busily engaged in organizing troops and creating order and confidence out of terror and confusion."¹

Gen. Dodge sent Moses Meeker to induce the Fox Indians, who then possessed the country where is now the city of Dubuque, to take sides against the Winnebagoes, but they declined any part in the contest.

The following letter was addressed to Brigadier General Atkinson, U. S. Army, who had come up to the scene of disturbance from St. Louis with a force of 600 infantry and 150 mounted men:

¹ Mrs. Adele P. Gratiot, Wisconsin Hist. Collections, x, 270.

GALENA, August 26th, 1827.

Gen. H. Atkinson, Prairie du Chien.

Dear General:—Capt. Henry, the chairman of the committee of safety, will wait on you at Prairie du Chien before your departure from that place. He is an intelligent gentleman, who understands well the situation of the country. The letter accompanying Governor Cass's communication to you has excited in some measure the people in this part of the country. As the principal part of the efficient force is preparing to accompany you on your expedition up the Ouisconsin, it might have a good effect to send a small regular force to this part of the country, and in our absence they might render protection to this region. I feel the importance of your having as many mounted men as the country can afford, to aid in punishing those insolent Winnebagoes who are wishing to unite, it would seem, in common with all the disaffected Indians on our borders. From information received last night, some straggling Indians have been seen on our frontiers.

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. DODGE.

With his mounted volunteers, 130 in number, Gen. Dodge, marched to the Wisconsin river, one detachment going to Prairie du Chien, the other to English Prairie, now Muscoda. They scoured both sides of the river to the Portage, driving the Indians before them, taking one prisoner, a lad of fifteen, who had become separated from his band, and was surrounded. He was son of a chief, Winneshiek, whose name he bore. He refused to surrender, but sat on his horse, with cocked gun in hand. The soldiers were about to shoot him when Gen. Dodge, admiring the intrepidity of the boy, rode up and wrenched his gun from him, and saved him from the death he defied.

Upon reaching the Portage they found that Red Bird and his accomplices in murder had been surrendered to Major Whistler. Decorah, in presence of General Dodge, disclaimed unfriendliness on the part of the Winnebagoes to the United States, and disavowed connection with the murders that had been committed on the Mississippi. Terms of settlement were arranged by Gen. Atkinson, whereupon the volunteers were discharged and returned to their homes.

The disturbance over, Henry Dodge immediately engaged in "prospecting" the country for lead mines, and on the 3d of November, 1827, established himself near the present village

of Dodgeville, in what is now Iowa County, Wisconsin. It was the happy hunting grounds of the Winnebagoes, a land of bubbling brooks and crystal springs, of beautiful oak openings, groves of larger timber, and rolling prairies, with a broad ridge separating the waters that flow to the Wisconsin from those flowing to Rock river. It was in that part of the old Northwest Territory (1787), and of the Illinois Territory (1809), lying north of the State of Illinois, which had been attached to the Territory of Michigan upon the admission of the State of Illinois into the Union (1818). Some "diggings" had previously been worked by the Indians, who excavated down an inclined plane, carrying in wood for fuel, heating the rocks, then slacking them with water: charcoal and lime were found in the old works, as also buck-horns which had been used as tools. He made friendly terms with the Indians of the neighborhood, and gave them presents as in the way of rent for occupying their lands. He made a home for his family, and took precautions for their protection and safety. More than a hundred miners soon gathered to the "camp." The neighborhood resounded with the stroke of the ax and the click of tools. Shafts were sunk in every direction. He discovered the only lode in the region that proved to be of much value.

It was not long before complaints were made to the United States Indian Agent, at Prairie du Chien, Joseph M. Street, that white men had invaded the country of the Winnebagoes. He reported the matter to the superintendent of Indian affairs at St. Louis (Gen. William Clark), under date of January 15th, 1828, as follows:

Gen. Dodge with about fifty men, well armed with rifles and prepared for any event, is near the English Prairie on a northern branch of Rock river, called Piketolika, beyond the lands subject to reservations under the treaty of August 24th, 1816. My information is that the Bear, a Winnebago chief, with a few followers are at the place, and have sold the privilege to Gen. Dodge. Many are flocking to him from Fever river, and he permits them to join upon paying certain stipulated portions of the original purchase. The ore is more abundant, nearer the surface, and obtained with greater facility than ever

known in this country. It is said that he has raised about half a million of mineral, smelted from 900 to 1000 bars, and is smelting fifty bars a day. With two negro men in one place he raises about 2000 pounds per day. What will be the effect of these high-handed measures I am at a loss to say. Should the tribe disapprove of the bargain of the Bear with Gen. Dodge, mischief might ensue. The cupidity of the Indians may also be awakened, and serious difficulties thrown in the way of any contemplated purchase of this section of the country by our Government. Should his removal as a precautionary measure be recommended, I have no force adequate to the accomplishment of the object, and from a conversation with the commanding officer of the fort here,¹ a sufficient number could not be prudently detached for the purpose.

As far as the most active enquiries and acute observation enable me to judge, the Winnebagoes are quietly pursuing their winter's hunt.

On the 26th of January, 1828, the agent wrote that there were mutterings of discontent among the Winnebagoes; that upon that day a chief (Carumna, the Lame) had said to him:

We promised not to interrupt the white people at the Fever river mines. Then they were digging near the line: now a large camp has gone far into our country, and are taking lead where it is easy to be got, and where Indians have been making lead many years. We did not expect this, and we want to know when this will stop. The hills are covered with them; more are coming, and shoving us off our lands to make lead. We want our Father to stop this before blood may be shed by bad men. You tell us our Great Father is a great chief, and has warriors like the sands on the river side, and that the Winnebagoes ought to be at peace with him and his people; that if they kill his white children he will go to war with them, and when they are all killed by his great warriors he will take their country. It would be better with the Winnebagoes then, than to live and see white men come and take their lands while they are living."

I told him their Great Father lived a long way off; that he would remove those white men when it was told him, if they kept their promise and remained at peace. He said: "Well; they would keep their promise."

The same day the agent sent John Marsh, a sub-agent, to notify Gen. Dodge that he must move off instantly, or he would be removed by military force. In a communication of February 7th, 1828, Mr. Marsh reported as follows:

In obedience to your instructions of the 26th ult., I ascended the Wisconsin to the English Prairie, and thence southwardly up the valley of a small river which comes in at that place, and arrived at the residence of Gen. Dodge on the evening of the fifth day after my departure. Your letter to Gen. Dodge I delivered immediately, and I informed him and others who were located in that vicinity that I had a communication to read to them from the Indian agent

¹ Major John Fowle, 5th U. S. Infantry.

at Prairie du Chien. The next morning I read your notice to all the principal miners. Not being able to discover any indications of an intention to remove out of the Indian country, your address was also read and the extracts from the treaty therein referred to.

Gen. Dodge addressed the people, and explained to them his views of the subject. He insisted principally that there was no definite line of demarcation between the lands of the Winnebago Indians and those of the Chippeways, Pottawattamies and Ottaways of the Illinois, on which the citizens of the United States had a right to dig for lead ore, and that until such line should be definitely marked and established it was by no means certain that the place where they were was on the lands of the Winnebagoes.

The remainder of the day was spent in examining the country. Ore is found in great abundance near the surface, and in large masses. Few of the excavations are more than ten feet deep. The whole country appears to be literally full of lead ore, and the labor of obtaining it is trifling. Traces of old Indian diggings are found throughout the country for several miles. There are also furnaces where the Indians smelted the ore.

Gen. Dodge resides in a small stockade fort near the principal mine. There are about twenty log houses in the immediate vicinity, besides several more remote. He has a double furnace in constant operation, and a large quantity of lead in bars and in the crude state. From the best information I have been able to obtain there are about one hundred and thirty men engaged in mining at this place, and completely armed with rifles and pistols. I was also informed that there about fifteen Winnebagoes ten or twelve miles distant who frequently visit the mines, and who have been presented by Gen. Dodge with several hundred dollars worth of provisions and merchandise. When about to return, I was desired by Gen. Dodge to inform you that he should leave the country as soon as he conveniently could.¹

Immediately upon the receipt of this communication Gen. Street called upon the commanding officer at Fort Crawford for a detachment of one hundred and eighty troops to remove the trespassers, who replied that as he had only 147 men in

¹ To other parties Gen. Dodge is reported as saying that he would leave if Gen. Street had more guns than he had. The same year Morgan L. Martin made an expedition through the mining region, and speaking of it after a lapse of fifty-nine years said: "Our first objective point was Dodgeville, where Henry Dodge had started a "diggings." We found his cabins surrounded by a formidable stockade, and the miners liberally supplied with ammunition. The Winnebagoes had threatened to oust the little colony, and were displaying an ugly disposition. Dodge entertained us at his cabin, the walls of which were well covered with guns. He said that he had a man for every gun, and would not leave the country unless the Indians were stronger than he." Wis. His. Coll. xi. 397.

his command, and but 130 of them were fit for duty, it would be out of his power to comply with the request. Arrangements were soon in progress by the Government for the purchase of the lands of the Winnebagoes. Provisional articles of agreement were made by Gov. Cass and Pierre Menard, commissioners on the part of the United States, with chiefs of the Winnebago tribe, at Green Bay, August 25th, 1828. In prospect of those arrangements Henry Dodge held his ground, and was unmolested. He had built the first smelting furnace erected by the whites north of the Illinois state-line. He was present at Prairie du Chien, with Henry Gratiot, Antoine Le Claire, Zachary Taylor, and other witnesses to the treaty, under which the Winnebagoes sold their lands in the mining district to the United States, August 1st, 1829.

From Helena on the Wisconsin river, he shipped lead on flat-bottomed boats to New Orleans. Others reshipped on steamers at St. Louis; he was the only one who made the entire voyage without transfer. The trip took three months and a half, and involved peril and hardship.

In the first settlement of the mining country, those who obtained permits to mine were not allowed to cultivate the soil, so that for several years provisions were scarce, and the expense of living was great. When the lands were brought into market, he became the purchaser of more than a thousand acres, and here was his home for nearly forty years. He took part in a patriotic celebration of the 4th of July, and served as President of the Day, in 1829, at Mineral Point, where a discovery of copper had awakened an excitement and called many miners to the place. Upon the organization of Iowa county, the same year, under an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory, setting off that part of Crawford county lying south of Wisconsin river, he was elected chief justice of the county, with Wm. S. Hamilton and James H. Gentry, associate justices, and held the first court in that county.

The growth of the mining settlements, and their distance

from the seat of Government at Detroit, the irregular routes of travel then pursued making it from 800 to 1000 miles, as stated by Gen. Dodge, created a demand for a new territorial organization. The business relations of the miners were with Illinois and Missouri and the General Government, not with the peninsula of Michigan; nor was it to be expected that a delegate elected from the peninsula should understand the wants of a people so remote and detached as they were. He opened a correspondence upon the subject with the delegate to Congress (Austin E. Wing), and laid before him a statement of the inconveniences and hardships under which the people were laboring, and their claims on the National Legislature for the division of the Territory. Under date of Dodgeville, February 10th, 1829, he said:

Laws should be made to suit the condition of the people over whom they are to operate; hence the necessity of a local legislation following a division of the Territory. Another strong reason why we should be separated from the Territory of Michigan is: We are surrounded by Indians, some friendly, others still hostile to the extension of the American empire and to the people of this country. A local legislature and a separate government here would place the people in a situation to defend themselves, and have the aid of the constituted authorities near them. It would be almost impossible to receive aid from the peninsula of Michigan. Mounted companies of riflemen would be the best arm of defence to afford this country protection. Recent events at Rock Island prove the secret influence that exists over the minds of the Indians;¹ and I have no hesitation in saying that so long as that influence exists we will have occasional difficulties with the Indians of our borders.²

A bill was reported in Congress, January 6th, 1830, to establish the Territory of Huron, with boundaries embracing what now constitutes the states of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, a part of the Territory of Dakota, and the upper peninsula of Michigan, but it did not become a law. A somewhat similar bill passed the House of Representatives in 1831, but not the Senate.³

¹ "The secret influence" came of the communication which the "British band" of the Sacs, who were in arms against the United States in the war of 1812, still kept up with Canada. Their chiefs were in the habit of visiting Canada, and were laden with presents on their return.

² His. of Wisconsin, by W. R. Smith, i, 430-432.

³ History of Wisconsin Territory, by Moses M. Strong, p. 187.

On the 11th of July, 1831, Henry Dodge was elected to the Fifth Legislative Council of Michigan Territory from the counties of Michilmacinac, Brown, Crawford, Chippewa and Iowa. His views of public duty at the time were given in a letter addressed to the electors.

JULY 8th, 1831.

My name being before the public as one of those who have been nominated by a meeting of citizens at Green Bay as well as at Mineral Point to represent the people of the Seventh Electoral District in the Legislative Council of the Territory, I consider it a duty I owe the electors as well as myself to state explicitly my views in relation to such measures as have for their object the public good, and the course I will pursue if honored with the confidence of my fellow citizens.

The wants and condition of the people west of Lake Michigan in my opinion require a speedy division of the Territory and the establishment of a local legislature. Laws then can be made suited to the manners, habits, and condition of the people residing within the limits of the contemplated territory. The relation we stand to the General Government makes it important to us that we should have a direct representation at Washington. Living on the United States lands and working their lead mines, it becomes a matter of much interest to the people of the mining country that the rights of pre-emption should be secured to them on the most liberal principles both for the farms they occupy as well as their mineral grounds.

The General Government by its own act has invited the people of the mining country to immigrate to this country for the express purpose of making lead. They are neither squatters nor intruders on the public lands. By their enterprise and industry they have fully realized the views of the Government. The people of the United States have had an abundant supply of lead made, and sold to them cheaper than the manufacturer here could afford to make it. The people of the mining country have paid a greater tax, and that directly upon the labor of the whole community, than any equal number of citizens of the United States, and consequently have stronger claims upon the justice and liberality of the Government than any equal number of citizens who have settled on the frontiers.

Should I be the choice of the electors, on all local subjects the expressed wishes of a majority of the people will govern me. I consider the representative bound in his individual capacity to do what the people would do in their collective capacity, could they be present.

Mr. Martin has been recommended to the people of this electoral district for the Council. He has the reputation of being a young man of talents and integrity.¹ It appears desirable to insure success in our election that we should

¹ Hon. Morgan Lewis Martin, of Green Bay; he died Dec. 10, 1887. To his efforts Iowa owes the organization of the original counties of Des Moines and Dubuque, under an act of the Legislative Council of Michigan Territory to

cordially unite with Brown county. Mr. Wing is before the people as a candidate for the Delegacy to Congress. The course he pursued when in Congress, in advocating a division of the Territory, was such as the condition of the people required. As he truly represented our interests on a former occasion, it would seem we might safely trust him again.

I have been thus explicit that my fellow-citizens may know my views on all subjects which I consider of interest to them, not with a view to influence them in any way; it is the right of every freeman to judge and act for himself; whatever that decision may be as it respects myself, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in.

The next winter, in behalf of the people of the mining region he prepared a memorial addressed to Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, as follows:

The undersigned residents of that part of the Territory of Michigan including the lead mine district on the Upper Mississippi respectfully ask leave to call your attention to the situation and conditions of the citizens occupying the mineral region.

In conformity to an act of Congress passed in 1807, the president of the United States from time to time has appointed agents invested with ample powers to lease the United States lead mines. The government of the mines having been confided to the War Department, and the rents accruing to the United States from working these mines having been regulated by that department, is the reason why your memorialists ask leave to call your attention to this subject.

Your immediate predecessor in office having reduced the rents of the United States mines from 10 to 6 per cent, we take it for granted that power

lay off and organize counties west of the Mississippi river, approved September 6th, 1834. In a letter to A. C. Dodge, of May 25th, 1883, he recalled "the rude log cabin in Dodgeville where Hon. Lucius Lyon and myself were hospitably entertained, in 1828, by your excellent parents. It seems like a dream. I recognize the portly Roman, the saintly wife, the stalwart lads and modest daughters, comprising the household, protected in their well-armed fortress (block house) from the dangers incident to frontier life; and from that early period note the wonderful metamorphosis which time has wrought in the West. I recall also the erect figure and proud bearing of your father when he volunteered to guide us on horseback to the recent discoveries of copper ore at Mineral Point, and to the pits and shafts in the vicinity of Dodgeville, from which his supply of lead ore was hauled to his furnaces, the athletic figures of your brother and yourself, youths of some fifteen or eighteen, laboring about the smelting works with others engaged around the premises. Nor can I forget the appearances of the negro slaves, who clung to your father's family even after they were given freedom, as dutiful children dependent for protection and daily wants upon a parent."—*Semi-Centennial of Iowa, at Burlington*, pp. 87, 88.

was properly exercised; and, inasmuch as he held himself at liberty to raise the rents by giving three months' notice, we ask your indulgence while we briefly state the past and present condition of the mining population.

The relation in which you stood as the executive of this Territory at the time this mining country was settled, as well as the appointment you held with Col. Menard as joint Commissioners on the part of the United States for treaty with the Winnebago and other tribes of Indians, gives you a general knowledge of the condition in which the people settled here. It is well known that the Government of the United States invited the people to this country through their agents at a time when they had no troops on this frontier to afford them protection. In 1827, when the Indians commenced hostilities, the inhabitants being wholly dependent on themselves for protection abandoned their mining operations, and prepared themselves to resist the Winnebago Indians who were located in the immediate vicinity of the mines, and who were actually at war. The loss of one season from working the mines, and the expenses incurred by the people during the winter of 1827-8, left them without the means of returning whence they had emigrated. In this situation they settled that portion of the mining country which they now occupy. In June, 1828, the Superintendent of the United States lead mines located that portion of country at that time occupied by your memorialists, and from that period until the extinguishment of the Indian title at Prairie du Chien, in 1829, a period of nearly fourteen months, and before the Government acquired a right from the Indians for the country, the people of the mining country paid upwards of a million pounds of rent lead. It is believed that no tax was ever more punctually and cheerfully paid by smelters to the Government. During the administration of the present Superintendent—two and a half years—more tax lead has been collected, including arrearages, than the actual rents amounted to for that period. Your memorialists state with confidence that they have paid a greater amount of taxes, and that a direct tax on the labor of the whole community, than any equal number of citizens since the settlement of America; that from 1827 until 1829 the smelters not only paid ten per cent on all lead manufactured, but hauled the rent-lead a distance from forty to sixty miles to the United States deposit, at a time when lead was not selling for more than one dollar and fifty cents at the United States lead mines. What was the consequence? The entire ruin of many of the manufacturers. The Government of the United States received between three and four millions of pounds of rent-lead, and the people of the United States an abundant supply of the article of lead upon cheaper terms than at any preceding period. The low and depressed price of lead was the principal cause, no doubt, that your predecessor reduced the rents of the mines, and as the Government has derived all the advantages that could have been anticipated in a national point of view from the exploration and working their mines, and as the manufacturers and miners have not had time to realize the advantages resulting from a reaction in the price of lead, your memorialists confidently rely on your justice and the liberality of the Government, that they will foster and protect their own manufacturers of lead, to the exclusion of those of foreign powers; and as lead is a necessary article in time of war, we trust you will carefully examine the subject in all its bearings before

you increase the rent of the lead mines, and that you will urge upon Congress the justice and propriety of not changing the present tariff on lead.

Your memorialists ask leave to call your attention to a subject of great interest and vital importance to them. Should the Government pass a law for the survey and sale of the United States lead mines of this country upon the same principles observed in the sale of their mines in Missouri, we earnestly hope you will recommend to the consideration of Congress the justice and propriety of granting to each miner who has complied with the regulations made for the government of the mines the privilege of working out all discoveries made on mineral lots or surveys. To sell the mines without making this reservation would deprive the most enterprising and industrious part of the population of their all. Miners who have had mineral lands in their possession for years might have them purchased by speculators, and be left without resource or means, from not having had time to compensate themselves for the low prices of mineral, which sold in this mining country for two years from five to eight dollars per thousand pounds.

Your memorialists consider it fortunate for them that you are placed at the head of the War Department of the Government, knowing that you are intimately acquainted with all the circumstances attending the settlement of the mining country, surrounded as they have been by Indians secretly hostile to the American people as well as under the influence of the English; and the friendly regard you evinced for the protection and safety of the citizens of this mining region in 1828 is remembered with gratitude. Your memorialists confidently believe you will render them all the aid in your power consistent with the relation you stand to the government.

To further the objects of this memorial, he also addressed letters to a number of members of Congress of like tenor with the following:

DODGEVILLE, MICHIGAN TERRITORY, January 26th, 1832.

Hon. Elias K. Kane,

United States Senator from Illinois,

Washington City:

The interest you have heretofore taken in this remote part of the Territory of Michigan, as well as the particular situation of this country, is the reason I take the liberty of addressing you at this time.

The people of the mining country require the fostering protection of the General Government. They have not had time since the favorable reaction of the price of lead to compensate themselves for their losses. A reduction of the present tariff on the importation of foreign lead would completely destroy the prospects of the manufacture of lead in this country. Great as the diversity of opinions appears to be on the tariff, it would seem that as lead is a necessary and important article in peace and in war the National Legislature should examine the subject in all its bearings before they change the tariff on lead.

The people of this remote region are greatly interested in a division of the Territory during this session of Congress. Our relations being entirely with

the General Government, and the great distance we are from the seat of Territorial Legislature, place the inhabitants here in a most unpleasant situation. We have two Councillors elected from five counties. The distance we are from Detroit, and having but two representatives out of thirteen which forms the Council, makes the representation west of Lake Michigan merely nominal. The rapid growth of the peninsula of Michigan, and the interest the people have in becoming a state as early as possible, would give us but a feeble voice in the Council; and however talented and zealous the Delegate from Michigan may be in representing truly the condition of the people here, it is impossible from the distance he resides from us that he can understand well the condition of this country. We want a local Legislature here, where laws can be enacted suited to the condition of the people. Laws are enacted six months before they reach us, and laws enacted for the peninsula of Michigan do not suit our condition.

Another strong reason why we should be severed from Michigan is, we are surrounded by Indians, some friendly, others secretly unfriendly to the American people and jealous of the growth of the country. Should they attack us, we could derive no advantage from the constituted authorities of Michigan, but would have to depend on ourselves for protection. It is true the United States have troops on our borders, but we might be taken by surprise, and the settlements entirely destroyed before they could give us aid. We want the constituted authorities near us, and a proper force of mounted riflemen or gunmen, who could be brought together at the shortest notice. This country is well adapted to the horse service, and they are able to act promptly and efficiently. We are one of the most exposed frontiers of the United States and should be entitled to those rights and privileges which have been extended to others on the frontier.

The particular condition of the people of this detached territory of the United States must make my apology for the length of this communication.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of the greatest regard,

Sincerely and truly your friend,

H. DODGE.

NOTE.—Lyman C. Draper, L.L.D., of Madison, Wisconsin, has kindly furnished the following additional information as to the campaign of General Dodge up the Missouri river in 1814, from personal reminiscences given to him by General Dodge in 1855:

There had been considerable mischief done by the Indians at the Boone's Lick settlement, where, among others, a man who was a potter by trade had been killed; and being the only person of that trade in the region his loss was seriously felt. The settlement was too weak to strike any effectual blow in turn. General Dodge, then of St. Genevieve, who had been appointed by President Madison the successor of Gen. William Clark in command of the militia, when the latter was made Governor of Missouri Territory, waived his

rank as General, and took the command as Lieut. Colonel of mounted men, under orders of Brigadier General Benjamin Howard, U. S. Army, to march to the relief of the Boone's Lick settlement, in September, 1814.

The command consisted of 350 mounted men, under Capt. John W. Thompson, of St. Louis, Capt. Isaac Van Bibber, of Loutre Lick, Capt. Henry Poston, of the Missouri Mining Region, Sarshall Cooper, of the Boone's Lick settlement, and Capt. Daugherty, of Cape Girardeau. Nathaniel Cook (now, 1855, aged and blind, of Potosi, Mo.) and Daniel M. Boone were the Majors; and Ben. Cooper, of the Boone's Lick settlement, a veteran of the Indian wars of Kentucky, was along; and Gen. Dodge, having some blank commissions with him, appointed him a Major, wishing him to serve on account of his experience. He was an elder brother of Capt. Sarshall Cooper. David Barton, afterwards the celebrated U. S. Senator of Missouri, was a volunteer in Thompson's company, refusing any rank, only tendering Gen. Dodge any services he might render in the way of aiding him in writing.

There were also about forty friendly Shawanoes along, under four war captains,—Na-kour-me, Kish-Kal-le-wa, Pap-pi-quia, Wa-pe-pil-le-se, the two latter were fully seventy years old, and had both served in the early Indian wars against Kentucky.

This force crossed the Missouri from the northern to the southern bank at the Arrow Rock by swimming the stream. Gen. Dodge selected six of his most active men, good swimmers on horseback, for the advance; the others followed, flanked by canoes, and in the rear by canoes, as a vanguard above and below the main body, stemming the swift current. When about half way over they struck the strong eddy, which soon wafted them to the southern bank in safety. Two hours were consumed in crossing the river with the horses, baggage, etc.

The friendly Shawanoes found and reported the locality of the hostile Miamis, who had thrown up a small fort. Dodge's men pushed forward several miles up the river, and in the night neared the enemy in what is now known as the Miami Bend, in Saline County, and soon surrounded them. Ascertaining this fact, the Miamis, knowing it would be folly to resist such odds, proposed, through the Shawanoes, to surrender themselves as prisoners. Gen. Dodge called a council of his officers, and asked their advice, commencing with the Coopers and other Boone's Lick officers. They all advised receiving them as prisoners, and that their lives must be sacredly preserved. Gen. Dodge told the officers that he should hold them personally responsible for their own conduct and that of their men in this particular.

The Indians now formally surrendered, 31 warriors, and 122 women and children, 153 in all.

The next morning, while Capt. Cooper and others were scouring around in search of hidden property, the Captain found the well known rifle of the poor potter slain in the Boone's Lick region; and in rage he came galloping to Gen. Dodge, and demanded the surrender of the Indian who had murdered the potter, to make an example of him. Gen. Dodge peremptorily declined, when Cooper threatened in behalf of his company, who were dashing up on their horses, to kill the whole of the Indians; and his men as by common consent

cocked their rifles in shooting attitude. The Indian warriors seeing the threatening aspect threw themselves upon their knees, and, crossing their breasts rapidly and repeatedly, uttered earnest prayers to the Great Spirit, or rather to the sun, then just rising in its morning splendor. Gen. Dodge, hearing the clicking of the locks of the rifles of the Boone's Lick men, and fearing the consequences, but without ever turning towards them, drew his sword, and thrust its point within six inches of Capt. Cooper's breast, and, reminding him of his pledge to protect the Indians in their surrender, said that he would never consent to their being slaughtered in cold blood, and that if Cooper's men fired on them Capt. Cooper himself should instantly suffer the consequences.

At this critical moment, Major Daniel M. Boone came dashing up to Gen. Dodge's side, and said that he would stand by him to the last; and he taunted Cooper with the treachery of the act he proposed. Dodge was firm, never taking his eye from Cooper's. Boone presented a determined countenance, as brave men always do when actuated by noble purposes. At length Cooper yielded, and Dodge ordered him to take his place in the line, and march away. He doggedly obeyed, and his men rode by. The Indians now jumped to their feet with expressions of joy and gratitude to Dodge and Boone. The Shawanoes, too, were much gratified that the Miamis were spared.

Kish-Ka-le-wa visited Gen. Dodge at Fort Leavenworth, in 1835, and recognized his old commander.

Gen. Dodge looks back upon his conduct in saving these prisoners as one of the happiest acts of his life.

WILLIAM SALTER.

Burlington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAR ANECDOTES OF 1812.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



T was in 1811 or 1812 when England held the right of search upon the high seas, that the father of the writer chanced to be a passenger on board of an American merchant vessel on Lake Erie, on which vessel were two deserters from the British army making their way to the United States to seek protection under the stars and stripes, and become citizens in the land of the free and home of the brave. They were cheerful, with hearts

buoyant with the hope of soon reaching their haven of safety, when all of a sudden their star of hope was obscured by a cloud of despair, and they soon were brought to realize the frailty of human hopes as they espied in the distance a British man-of-war making for them. At the rapid rate she was traveling she would soon overhaul the American, and instead of their landing in the land of the free their lifeless bodies would dangle at the yard-arms of His Majesty's man-of-war. And as the vessel neared them the chances for escape seemed less hopeful. The deserters became frantic with alarm; they urged the captain to resist search and they would stand by him to death. The captain assured them that would be folly, as he would endanger the lives of his crew, likewise his vessel and cargo, and that he was not prepared to resist an armed man-of-war, but he would do the best he could for them. The captain at once took them down into the cabin where my father was lying sick upon a bed. The deserters were told to lie down upon the floor side by side, which they quickly did, and the bed with my sick father was hurriedly laid upon them, completely hiding them from sight. This was scarcely accomplished when a shot was fired from the British man-of-war across the bow of the American vessel commanding her to haul to be searched, which order was obeyed. The crew were assembled on deck, and as the man-of-war neared the American ship, she threw out her grappling irons and drew the ship up within boarding distance. The British officer then demanded the number of passengers. The American captain informed him that they were all on deck except a sick man in the cabin. The British officer then stepped aboard and after closely scrutinizing the passengers and crew on deck proceeded to the cabin. Passing down the steps about half way he halted and took a survey of the apartment, when he inquired of the sick man the nature of his illness, where he was from, etc., doubtless to ascertain his dialect and more fully satisfy himself, all of which was apparently satisfactory. He returned to the deck, where another hasty inspection of all

aboard took place, which doubly assured the searcher that there were no deserters aboard. He returned to his own ship, spread sail and to the great relief of all on board the American vessel, especially the two *bed-ridden* Britains, who had been vibrating, as it were, between life and death, and whose star of hope now began to emerge from the cloud of despair that had so nearly obscured it. They could not be persuaded to leave their concealment until fully assured that their pursuers were at a safe distance, when they shook off their bed-rider and came forth like new-born souls. With their cup of joy full, and like him who had found his lost sheep, they called in their neighbors to rejoice with them. They doubtless were more profuse in their demonstrations of joy than he who found the lost sheep, regarding their lives of more value than many sheep, and as they cast their eyes over the rolling billows of the trackless waters in search of their pursuers they fully realized the fact that distance lends enchantment to the view. Without further molestation they were soon after landed upon American soil with grateful expressions of gratitude for their safe deliverance.

Many years after the invalid, who was the means of their concealment, chanced to meet one of them in central Ohio; the meeting was a mutual surprise. The English deserter still showed as warm and grateful a heart as the day when he was rescued from what he regarded certain death.

Raphael Hardenbrook, the subject of this anecdote, deserves a record among the many brave and heroic men of the past who periled their lives, their all, for the liberty that we now enjoy and so highly prize. Thousands of names to-day, with their thrilling deeds and noble acts, rest in oblivion, all for the want of laborers in the historic field to gather rich treasures that would embellish volumes of historic interest, and open a field for the lover of history in which to roam and gather sparkling treasures that would stimulate his own soul to nobler deeds. There are yet some that can be rescued from the glimmering and hazy past that will add luster to the

bright wreaths that encircle the names and heroic deeds of our noble sires. Raphael Hardenbrook was a friend of my father, and frequently visited his house. His genial and social qualities made him a welcome guest. He was a man of marked and impressive manner—over the average height—compact build, bold, decisive and firm—a stranger to fear; he was suave and affable, and thought by many to resemble in some respects the heroic Ethan Allen, and doubtless did in courage, if in nothing else. He was a soldier of the war of 1812 with Great Britain. It was during this year that he was captured by the British and held a prisoner for some weeks. When and where he was captured I now do not remember. He often referred to it as one of the most prominent epochs in his history. He often related many incidents of interest of the war, especially of his prison life, one of which I will here relate, and which goes to show the fearless and courageous character of the man.

The British officers where he was confined or held as a prisoner would frequently order the Yankee prisoner (Hardenbrook) brought to their quarters for the purpose of questioning him as to the strength and situation of the American forces and doubtless for their own amusement in part. On one interview his captors boasted of their strength, their superior military skill, their noted statesmen, lords and generals, etc., and thus tried forcibly to impress the prisoner with the futility of the United States attempting to carry on a war with England, a power with whom she could not cope. This bombastic egotism only thrilled the heroic Hardenbrook with bitter indignation, which was soon made unmistakably manifest to the boastful Britons. They had no sooner ended their braggadocio buncombe, than the dauntless Hardenbrook rose to his feet, with his flashing eyes fixed upon his captors, and stretching his athletic frame to its full height, he brought down his clenched fist in an emphatic manner and in a thundering tone still more emphatic that startled the whelps of the British lion, he said, "well, gentlemen, I want you to under-

stand that we have on our side Lord God Almighty, Lord Jesus Christ and Andrew Jackson, and I'll be d—d if we cannot whip the whole of you." For this reply he expected to receive a severe punishment. But said he, "to my surprise they laughed heartily and took it good naturedly, and quizzed me no further," and he was regarded as the lion of the camp, with additional privileges during the remainder of his captivity.

OUT WEST IN THE FORTIES.*

BY S. H. M. BYERS.



AT the edge of a great prairie, in the heart of Iowa, two country roads crossed at right angles. "Here," said my father, "is the place; here I will build my home." To be exact, it was in 1841 that my father, an excellent mechanic, with a small income and a large family, was seized with the fever to go west. The west meant Illinois and Iowa in those days; Detroit, even, was a western town; and as for Chicago, it was a barren prairie, where the wolves still howled at night. We left our pretty little home in Pennsylvania in that spring, steamed down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, and then by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Burlington. There had been tremendous rains, and the great Father of Waters was not only a river—it was a sea, reaching for many miles beyond its banks, inundating farms, highways and villages. At Burlington the stream was seven miles wide, sweeping through woods and over bottom lands, while the houses and fences floating off were a picture of what must have happened when Noah entered the ark. One night, after we had been living in Burlington for a month, the mighty river took another rise, and morning found the ferry-boat inside our door-yard. It had come to rescue us. The

* Reprinted from the *Chicago Interior* of August 8th, 1889.

lower story of our house was three feet deep in water, and for all I know that next night saw the edifice floating seawards.

The incident determined my father on moving on; he would buy some ox teams, leave towns and rivers, and go to the real west, the place he had started for. "Yes," said he, after much meandering over prairies woodless as the desert, "here is the place I started for; here I will build my home." Our two covered wagons were parked together and our four yokes of oxen and two yokes of cows were let loose to find a richer support on the abundant prairie grass. The cross roads were five miles from a school house, and, aside from two or three homes near us, only a rude western house here and there, like a dot on the sea of prairie, was anywhere to be seen. My father and I had hauled coarse plank ten miles with our oxen, and a house, not ruder than its distant neighbors, soon gave us shelter.

Now commenced the incidents of our western life. How cold that first winter was! The snow was deep, and the frozen crust would bear a man. It helped to give us our meat, however. Drove of deer were abundant, and at times, almost starving, they would wander close to the little hay stacks. Chased by the dogs (of which my father kept a dozen, one for each member of the family), they would attempt to escape, flounder over the deep snow, break through the frozen crust, and fall an easy prey to dog or gun. The finest of venison was to be had for the taking. Prairie chickens were even more abundant than the deer, and we boys trapped enough to have fed a regiment. We hauled our fire-wood five miles on a sled that winter, and the shot-gun was as constant a companion on these trips to the woods as the ox-whip. Besides feeding the oxen and keeping the fires going, nothing could be done. It was too cold, the mercury often standing at twenty or thirty degrees below zero.

The great event each week at our cross roads was the coming of the mail boy. He rode twenty-six miles through

storm or blizzard, every Tuesday, and his coming was the sign for every neighbor to gather in at Robert Allen's, get the letters and talk over the news. All that was in the time of Franklin Pierce; and it was a bitter pill for democratic Robert Allen to sort over and hand out to his Whig neighbors copies of the *New York Tribune* or the Abolitionist *Liberator* of William Lloyd Garrison. The weekly mail had been a new thing on the prairie, for the settlers of the year before got an occasional letter or newspaper only as some neighbor or emigrant might happen to come from Burlington or Keokuk, sixty miles away. Months often passed, and not a letter from friends anywhere. The establishing of this little weekly mail, therefore, had been an event equal in importance to the opening of a great railroad nowadays.

It was an odd life we were all living—a frontier life; but not the frontier life of to-day. Railroads did not carry all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries right up to our door, as they now do for the frontier man of Colorado or Arizona. The words "out west" had a different meaning those days. There was not a mile of railroad in the state of Iowa, rarely a wagon road. A telegraph would have been a miracle. Even an occasional stage line was the wonder of the more thickly settled and more eastern counties. Flour mills were fifty to eighty miles away, and it usually required a week's traveling and waiting for even a small grist. But our necessities and hardships possibly made us more self-reliant, possibly more courageous. Our roads were often but tracks over the prairies, sometimes only old buffalo trails hedged in by myriads of wild flowers, that, stirred by the summer's wind, colored the endless waves of tall grass lifting and falling as far as the eye could reach. There were no bridges across the sloughs and the streams; but, as if by instinct, man and horse knew the shallowest places and safest fords. And the boys were as self-reliant as the men and almost as capable of exertion.

Once the mother at our home was taken ill. Doctors were distant, and the father was adding to his slender means by

working in a town forty miles away. "Bring father quick," was the cry; and there was nothing to do but for the oldest lad to unhitch a horse from the corn plow and gallop over the prairies. Night found him at the banks of the Iowa river, then a swollen, rapid stream. The ferryman refused to leave his bed before daylight. "But mother is dying out on the prairie." No matter; the ferryman would not stir. In a moment horse and boy plunged into the river and in the darkness swam to the other side. The father was found. Before daylight the two had again crossed the stream, and noon of that day saw them at the sick one's bedside, the boy none the worse for his jaunt of eighty miles and his midnight bath.

These hardships had their compensating features, too, in adventure, which all boys love. Going ten or fifteen miles on horseback to the nearest corn-mill was no great task for a boy, then. Such incidents were not uncommon; and once I recall how, when a neighbor lad and myself were poking along toward the woods of Crooked Creek with a grist of corn, a splendid deer bounded from the woods to the path in front of us. He was pursued by the barking hounds, and this unexpected meeting frightened him to whirl about and spring into the rapid stream. Instantly we boys were after the game. One crossed on a tree bending over the stream higher up, and with a club drove the deer back to the first bank. Here the other lad met him with another club, and another pounding over the head. Back and forth from bank to bank swam the noble game till, exhausted with clubs and effort, he was dragged out on the shore. Had we boys killed an elephant in Africa, we would not have been more proud. For ten miles we walked and held that great red buck with the splendid antlers across our horses' back, and for a month we were the heroes of all the cross-roads neighborhood.

There were no Indians, except tame ones, near us. The reservation was a little farther west, but many were the incidents our neighbors met with who went up to the new lands, when the Indians were to be taken off and the free land thrown

open to settlement. The "New Purchase" the government had made from the Indians had its east line some little distance below what is now the beautiful town of Oskaloosa. It was occupied by the Sac and Fox Indians. It was a lovely land, too, with rich prairies covered with millions of flowers, beautiful woods skirting its narrow streams, and an abundance of wild honey and good game. The Indians had driven the buffaloes away, but droves of deer remained, and wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quails and rabbits were there in millions. The noble elk was also seen frequently, and sometimes the brown bear made the woods dangerous enough to smack of adventure. There was no end to the prairie wolves, and wild cats as big as dogs haunted the woods along the streams. Bees, the pioneers of civilization, were there in astounding numbers, and the vast quantities of honey secured by the settlers later are almost beyond belief. It was collected by tubsful and barrelsful. One of the settlers brought in three barrelsful in a single day, and it served all the purposes of sugar. This was the goodly land the people were to go up to, and possess.

The Indians were quiet, and were to move off peaceably at midnight of May 1, 1843. A company of United States dragoons watched the frontier, to keep the whites off until the hour when they might enter and stake off the land the law allowed them to claim for purchase. All sorts of ruses were adopted by the whites to be first onto the land and to get the choicest locations. Their adventures have afforded tales for the firesides of the older states to the present hour—how, by the light of the moon, that May night, men sprang from their hiding places near to the line, and hurriedly drove stakes about the farms that were to be; how two friends would start measuring off a field, running in opposite directions, and firing a gun at each corner; how, before that May night, men had hidden about the frontier for weeks, avoiding the watchful dragoons, and yet spying out the land; how they perched in thick tree tops and longingly looked over the

border; how, on a time, some of them in their high perches quarreled as to the spot of land either could take, climbed down to the ground, fought out their fight with their fists, and were in the trees again silent as owls when the dragoons appeared. Some of those settlers, in this year of grace, 1889, still live on the land claims thus made, and sitting by their fire-sides, hear the roar of the railway trains passing their door yards, and the church bells, and the hum of a busy town over the very spot where in the forties they staked their claims off among the prairie flowers and the waving grass.

Once on the "Purchase," and the new strange life was repeated. My father, soon tiring of the tameness and the few comforts of our first prairie home, "moved on." We, too, were shortly upon the "Purchase," and built our cabin on the very spot where but so recently had stood the Indian's wigwam. There was not much trouble about making a farm in those early days. We had the virgin soil—and what a prolific soil it was, and what a sensation it was to turn the great thick sod, covered with its rich grass and myriads of flowers, under for the first time! On this new mother earth we planted "sod corn," the best that ever grew; and the melons, squashes and pumpkins grown on that first land eclipsed all later rivals of hothouse or county fair. Breaking prairie was a labor, once performed, never to be forgotten. The great strong plow, with its big sharp coulter; the sturdy oxen, six and seven yokes of them in a string, and sometimes a yoke of cows, hitched to the seven-foot plow beam, made a team that it was a pride to handle. And the great long ox whip, who of that day will ever forget it? The youth who could swing that mighty whip, making ten great cracks in quick succession, or cut the gad fly from off the leader, was a provisional king of the prairie. Woe to the lad who handled that thirty-foot whip for the first time. The laugh was sure to be on him, for, with the first swing, the stalk would bend, the buckskin cracker fly in a knot and the lash encircle his neck like an anaconda!

As to snakes, there were plenty of them. The rattlesnake is too noble to bite without warning, and a sound of his rattle in the grass at our feet would cause us to bound into the air as if struck by a cyclone. We never neglected that rattle; but if unluckily, the deep-poisoned fangs of the serpent struck a man or boy, he was carried to the house, the wound sucked of its poison, and washed with good strong whisky—a curative that was seldom failing in any well-regulated frontier home. The poor oxen were bitten oftener than the men, and resulting death was not uncommon.

Breaking prairie became a business, and young men with crack teams went from farm to farm, or section to section, to break up the new soil. Not infrequently they undertook the breaking of immense tracts far out on the prairie, and miles away from habitations. They took their cooking kits with them, and their shotguns brought them their breakfasts of grouse or quail.

The farmers' fields, when inclosed at all, were universally surrounded by rail fences, and these were in perpetual danger of being burned by the raging prairie fires that came every autumn. What gorgeous spectacles these autumn prairie fires were! Often, in the dusk of the October evenings, the farmer and his family would notice red lights in the far-off horizon. "Look out for prairie fires to-night," the farmer would exclaim, with the same uneasiness with which he would give warning of a coming storm. No storm, indeed, was dreaded so much, for many and many a farmer on the prairie lost all he had when the red fire scourge was galloping over the billowy expanse, a mighty and sudden destruction to crops and stacks and barns and homes. How often has the writer been called out of bed at midnight, to join his neighbors, men, women and children, to fight the prairie fires surely making in our direction. Hurriedly we would make firebrands and burn off narrow strips of prairie between ourselves and the coming fiend. Armed with brooms made of hazelbrush, we could control these little counter-fires of our own starting, and

frequently turn the direction of the coming wave. Again, we were too late or too weak, and the sea of fire leaped over our burned-out strips, jumped the narrow neck of plowed furrows that universally were made in front of every prairie farm as a protection, and, spite of every endeavor, burned up fences and crops.

Despite the danger, what a spectacle it was! Around us the midnight darkness, at our side our homes and worldly gear, in front of us a fearful line of fire, miles in length—a sea of flame, crackling and roaring as it rapidly neared us, its hot breath threatening destruction to all we had. I know nothing like it, unless it could be a high sea surf, its breast on fire, rushing and roaring landwards and suddenly stopping at the beach. The prairie chicken and quails, frightened from their grassy nests, would fly from the coming flames in droves. Sometimes the counter-fires set by the farmers would change the direction of the coming storm, and it would roar past us like a railroad train. Sometimes these same counter-fires caused the flaming grass to burn in immense circles, capturing in their fiery arms herds of deer that had huddled closer and closer as the circle lessened, finally burning them to death. What a splendid zest to life these excitements gave us, in spite of the dangers! Nowhere in life have I had such romance, excitement, fierce joy and adventure as in fighting the midnight prairie fires from my father's farm. Even to-day I would travel a hundred miles to witness a prairie fire, to see a sea of flame and experience the wild excitement of those times long gone.

It was a unique life we led in the frontier days. Our houses were built of logs, rarely of plank, and, though small, they were big enough for a hospitality worthy of palaces. It was no uncommon experience to see a dozen strangers stretched out for the night on the floor of my father's cabin. If too many happened along to get in, they slept in their wagons and took their meals at the table free of charge. Many of the cabins along the roadside became inns, whether from

choice or by the force of circumstances. The charges, when charges were made, were very small. Twelve cents for a dinner, and what a dinner! The best of corn bread, with milk and butter, wild honey, wheat coffee, crab apple butter, wild turkey, quails, venison, and, with it all, a dessert of right good cheer. The big fire-places in the cabins were built of sod, and by their ample hearths I have heard, from wandering pilgrims, tales truer than the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It was at such firesides in the early day that the itinerant lawyer, the great Lincoln, lovingly lingered, catching from his own stories the inspiration that rendered him immortal.

Of school houses we had almost none. One, however, I recall, because it was the first almost in the "New Purchase." It was a log edifice, with a great sod chimney and open fire-place; a puncheon floor and puncheon seats for the boys and girls. The windows were made by leaving a log out, the full length of the house, and covering the space with oiled paper instead of window glass. Our teacher, the daughter of a farmer, "boarded round," and received about a dollar a term for each pupil. No two of our school books, except our testaments, were alike, and what we boys failed to learn in the old log school house we tried to make up nights as we lay stretched on the floor in front of the old fire-place at the house. It was up-hill business, though, for my father's hospitality to passing strangers left little room on our cabin floor. Often these passing guests were persuaded to take a farm near our own, and so, new neighbors came around, new dots sprang up on the prairie, and in ten years, the cross-roads had become a village with a church-spire and a mill.

There had not been much going to church in the early days. Here and there the neighbors would gather at some farm house, read the Bible and pray, or at times an itinerant preacher would stop over, hold a service, and baptize the children. Oxen were often used for the Sunday excursions to the improvised church, and even at funerals, when some neighbor was laid away in the lonesome grove that served as

the burial place in lieu of cemetery. A cavalcade of men on horseback and wagons drawn by oxen was no uncommon sight. Horses were rapidly bred, and the farmers' girls were as daring riders as the boys. It was, in fact, a reproach to be a poor horseman, or a bad shot with the rifle. At the many "turkey shootings," the "quiltings," the "house-raisings," and the "wood-choppings," the hero of the hour was sure to be the most daring rider. Other opportunities for coming together were the country weddings and the infairs, where fun and good eating made merry the young folks' lives.

The times have changed and the face of the big prairie has changed. Hundreds of artificial groves relieve the landscape, and the many towns, with spire and steeple, electric lights and puffing engines, little remind one of what the West looked like in the "forties."

CROCKER'S BRIGADE IN WAR AND PEACE.

AT THE FIFTH BIENNIAL REUNION OF CROCKER'S IOWA BRIGADE—THE
11TH, 13TH, 15TH AND 16TH IOWA VOLUNTEERS—HELD AT COUNCIL
BLUFFS ON THE 18TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1889, THE ORATION
OF THE OCCASION, ELOQUENT AND IMPRESSIVE, WAS
DELIVERED AS FOLLOWS BY A FORMER
MEMBER OF THE 16TH.

HON. G. B. PRAY.



MARCELLUS M. CROCKER was a native of Indiana, born in February, 1830, came to Iowa with his father's family in 1844 and settled in the then frontier village of Fairfield, Jefferson county.

In the first year of the history of Iowa as a state, young Crocker was appointed a cadet at West Point and was probably the first representative of the young state in that institution. He remained a student there for two years; was called

home by the death of his father and compelled to remain there in order to take up the burden and battle of life laid down by his natural protector. He at once became the guardian of and breadwinner for his mother and sisters. Early in life he became a lawyer, and at the age of 25, in the year 1854, he settled in Des Moines; from that time until his death in 1865, he was a prominent figure in the affairs of the state. In accord with the practice of the times he rode the district with the judge of the court, and was sometimes seen far up in northern Iowa with the celebrities of those days, such as Col. Elwood, D. O. Finch, "Timber Wood," Enoch W. Eastman and others. Young Crocker was recognized as among the first lawyers. When the war broke out, Crocker responded to the president's call by raising the first military company in Iowa which was incorporated in the Second Iowa Infantry, of which he was the first major. In September, 1861, he was promoted lieutenant colonel, and on October 20th was commissioned a colonel and given command of the Thirteenth Regiment. From that day to his death the history of Iowa in the war without Crocker, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. It may fairly be said that Crocker, as well as his famous brigade, is an Iowa production. Indiana gave him birth; Iowa nurtured, educated and trained him. It is of the Iowa of thirty years ago, the Iowa from which came the men of these regiments, that I desire to hold up to you for comparison with the Iowa of to-day, in order that the younger men may appreciate the grandeur of the history of the state.

In 1860 the population of Iowa was 674,913; of these 354,493 were males and 320,420 were females. In 1863, about the middle of the war period, the population had increased to 701,093, but in these three years the number of males had increased but 514, while the number of females had increased 25,666, making the totals 355,007 males and 346,086 females. January 1, 1861, the number of men subject to military duty in Iowa was 116,034. In 1863 the number had fallen to 91,147. During the war 78,059 men were enlisted for service and bore arms in defense of the Union, being almost sixty-eight per cent of the number subject to military duty in 1861. To-day there are in Iowa upwards of two millions of people. Should this state be called upon for troops, and should she respond as in 1861, 1862 and 1863,

what an army she would send forth. It would mean a quarter of a million soldiers.

One of the best sentiments ever penned is from old Governor Eastman, one of Iowa's pioneers and noblest men. He said of Iowa: "The affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable Union." Grand Iowa! situated midway of the continent in the valley of its two greatest rivers; one washing its eastern, the other its western border. It contains 55,056 square miles of the best land of the earth. Surely there is no other area of equal extent that is so good for the home of man. Within fifty years it has been transformed from a wilderness to one of the greatest states in the Union. Fifty years ago the site of the Capitol building of your state, that magnificent monument of your thrift, industry and honesty, was an Indian camp, the home of the barbarian who has passed away. What a grand advance, all made in the space of an ordinary life! The affections of this people for the Union of our fathers was attested by the giving of so large a per cent of them to the service of the country; and Iowa stands to-day without a peer or rival in the annals of this nation, for heroic, faithful service to it. We have come to your beautiful city on the western border of this state to meet in reunion the men of Iowa's most famous military organization, "Crocker's Brigade." What a hold that name has on us! what a flood of memories come rushing on the mind as we stand face to face with those who stood shoulder to shoulder with us in those days, now long ago; in those days of youth when life was one bright and buoyant hope of the future; days, months and years have run into a quarter of a century; now we live in memory of the past. We meet that we may take each other by the hand and again feel that electric thrill that stirs the blood and rouses emotions, only felt when tried and true comrades meet.

Crocker's Brigade! I have said Iowa's most illustrious military organization—I might have said more, as the army of the nation has not produced your equal in length of united service. I do not propose to recount your exploits; they are embalmed in the pages of history; let those who doubt, scan diligently those pages; they will search in vain for a brigade which has written its name in more shining letters on the roll of honor than you; search where you will and you cannot find the four regiments that through more months

stood united as one, were wielded as one, which has placed more names on the roster of immortal heroes, which stood more firm, more determined, and more united in its defense of national union. The war of the revolution created the Union. The war of the rebellion preserved it and made it perpetual. It was the fulfillment, the realization of the hope, which has steadily glowed in the bosom of patriots of all ages. The fire that burned in the eloquence of Demosthenes, that warmed the blood of the Gracchi against the tyrants of Rome; which in unhappy Poland emitted its last feeble spark, when Kossuth was an exile and Kosciusko a martyr; which was smothered in Ireland when Emmet fell from the scaffold; which was kindled by Washington in a new land, and has at length found an altar amidst its worshippers where it shall burn forever upon the free soil of America; nowhere more potent in its sway than in Iowa, the home of the free school, the modern home of all benefits that educated temperate industry will bring. Iowa as a state was but fifteen years of age in 1861. In that period she had systemized her internal affairs, founded her institutions of charity and learning, had laid the foundation of all that she is to-day. But fifteen years upon the plain of history, until she was called upon to aid the nation in a struggle for life. The call was made to this young state to buckle on the armor of war to meet rebellious force not unlike an irruption of nature. Volcanic irruptions in nature produce great peaks, mountains and hills; thus the plain is broken, the valley formed and the landscape made beautiful. Men go forward in the daily and common walks of life and they are as the common plain; revolutions come, the plain is broken, great men are found equal to the great emergency. The history of the nation is enriched by the record of its strong men and good women, a biography of the men who stepped to the front, who filled the breach in the ramparts, and either in the forum or on the field upheld its cause. Thus history goes on repeating itself because man, the maker of it, is much the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

A little more than a hundred years ago, along the Atlantic coast the sires of this generation were living as colonists of Great Britain as on a plain; they lived without prominent features or great character. The rights of man demanded a change in the system of government, a revolution; then were found those equal to the emergency, and the men who formu-

lated and signed the declaration of their rights became the prominent characters of the struggle which followed. They called to their aid a plain and unassuming Virginia planter, who in qualities of statesmanship, as a leader of men, either on the field of battle or in the halls of government, was the equal of any man of his time; in honesty and fidelity to the trust imposed upon him, he stood the peer. He led his people to victory, he secured unity, peace and stable government. He surrendered almost imperial power to those who gave it. Washington abhorred war in all its forms, yet for love of country and of home, he was willing to sacrifice himself and all that was dear to him in life to promote the well being of his fellow men. The plain of existence was broken for the colonies. It was as if an irruption of volcanic nature had taken place; men for every emergency had been found. Great and prominent characters in history had been produced and the name of George Washington was immortal. He was the central figure of the history of the country, the mighty peak in nature. The nation he and his compeers had created, under the guidance of God, was the one to which the oppressed and down-trodden of all the world turned their longing eyes.

If you travel to the East you will find that nature at some remote period of the past has heaped up a chain of mountains at from one to three hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. Let those peaks and mountains represent the prominent characters and soldier element of the revolution. Nature and history stand side by side. For three-quarters of a century the nation passed on, grew, flourished in the arts of peace, extended its borders, increased its area and its products, advanced in literature, the sciences and in manufacture, and became the granary and storehouse of the world. Its fleets were upon every sea, and its ships were in every port. It humbled Great Britain and conquered Mexico, but these were mere episodes, mere ripples on the surface of the plain of history which we were yet to make.

The slave-holders' revolt—the revolution of 1861—was an event in the affairs of the nation and of the world, against which there is no comparison in the history of men; and none in nature save that irruption which cast up the great mountain chain of the West. For every peak and mountain of that vast chain I can find you a prominent figure in the history of

the rebellion. In years gone by many people traversed the plains which extend from your door to the westward. They journeyed toward the golden shores of the Pacific; they traveled in the primitive way, with trains of oxen. The road was long and tedious. Many weary nights the sun sunk beyond the horizon of the billowy plain; many mornings they saw him rise behind them to usher in another long day of toil; the road was beset by savage foes by night and by day; the weary days ran into months, when some bright morning as they passed over a gentle and undulating hill in the vast prairie, there burst upon their vision their first view of the mountains. They seemed to stand there, a great incomprehensible mass like a low lying bank of clouds along the horizon, dark and threatening. The weary pilgrims pause and gaze at the grand spectacle, and then slowly journey on. They approach nearer and nearer, the outlines become more distinct, the blended mass assumes form, foot-hills come into full view covered with grass and trees; mighty peaks further on become distinct, and finally stand out clearly defined in their awful grandeur. The line above which nature ceases to clothe with verdure is now seen, above which is the region of perpetual snow. They have traversed the level plain of the history of the country covering the three-fourths of a century from 1785 to 1860. They are in the midst of the mighty events of the rebellion. They pause to view the mighty procession of prominent figures and characters that those events brought to the surface and into historical renown. First they bow their heads in silent admiration of the beauty of those undulating and billowy foot-hills stretching away into the distance north and south and far out into the plain in countless thousands. These mounds to them represent the unnumbered thousands of smaller mounds scattered all over the land under each of which lies a hero, denoting a life sacrificed upon the altar of country, a hero that returned not to receive the rewards of a brave man. Our band of pilgrims enters the passes, goes up and through the great canyons and gorges; around and above them for thousands of feet the chasm in this wall of rock extends. Wearily and watchfully, they wend their way onward toward the pass, the only place offering an opportunity to go through and beyond this great wall made by the upheaval of nature. At length they have reached the goal and stand in the opening or pass between the peaks.

They halt and turn to gaze upon the grand scene presented to their view. They stand in Fremont's pass of the main chain of mountains or continental divide. Mountains and peaks are around and about them in every direction, and in every form of rugged grandeur as far as human vision can extend. They are in the midst of the most magnificent scenes of nature. They are in the midst of the most magnificent characters of the war of rebellion. That great chain of mountains extending from the northern limits of this country to its southern, represents the men, who in the freshness of early manhood, who, abhorring war, with its terrors, with all its resounding glory, dared all its perils for the love of home and country.

First are the men who bore the musket. Upon their shoulders was the weight and burden of saving their country; upon their heads the weight of responsibilities. It was they who marched by night and by day, by daylight or in darkness, in sunshine or in rain; it was they who sought the foes of their country on every field, in the valley or on the hilltop, and halted not until the victory was theirs. It mattered not whether they were properly clothed or fed, they heeded naught but the desires and the commands of their leaders. They bore the brunt of battle; to them should be given the substantial rewards of a prosperous country, to them the praise. The peaks that tower above the range here and there along its varied extent, represent the great leaders who were made prominent by the strong arm and fearless hearts of the men in line. Numerous as those grand peaks are, I could give you a name in history for each and all of them, but time forbids. I can only call by name a few who are dear to every loyal heart. This war made many Iowa men prominent in military and civil life. Great character was produced equal to the great needs of the hour. The plain of Iowa's history was broken. The upheaval raised monuments as high for Iowa's sons as any along this great range. Far off to the south I point you to a group of noble peaks, not separate from or much different from many others, yet distinct, fairly outlined and individual in majestic characteristics of their own. I fancy this noble group the counterpart in nature of the great leaders of this brigade. In the center, a little higher and grander than others, we place Crocker surrounded by Hall, Hedrick and Chambers. A galaxy of heroes whose deeds

have enriched history, whose lives have ennobled man, whose memory shall live and be kept fresh and green as long as those peaks shall stand. Here in the midst of these great peaks, I notice one more symmetrical and graceful in its contour and lines, the very trees that grace its sides are taller, more lithe and beautiful; I recognize it as a monument to one who was young and brave, and beautiful; for one moment erect and glowing in the whirl of battle, the next falling forward toward the foe dead, but triumphant. For one moment that brave, inspiring form was visible to this whole nation, rapt and calm in the midst of his army; the next in the midst of the enemy's sharpshooters, his bugle voice of victory stilled forever in death. It can be a monument to but one—our own gallant McPherson. On the left here is a mountain rising higher than its fellows; it is dark-browed and threatening in its aspect, yet covered to its crown with green trees and verdure, as if laurel crowned by nature. It is surrounded by smaller peaks, mountains and mounds as if all surrounding nature was seeking to uphold and applaud its strength and beauty. It can represent but one character—that gallant, brave and dashing chief of volunteers, the glorious and incomparable Logan, who always led in battle and never ceased his work for the volunteer army until his eyes were closed in death. Well may that emblem of nature that represents him be laurel-crowned. Away on the right I point you to a mountain, not of the tallest, but broad and grand; it stands alone, as if self-reliant and independent; its base is broad, its surface even and unruffled. Storms break about it; lightning and thunder crash about its head; yet all unmoved or unchanged each dawning day finds it the same; nature's synonym for one who was near and dear to the men of this brigade, to the entire army, and all the people of this nation, one loved and respected around the world. How like it is to our exalted leader, Gen. Grant, that matchless soldier who never lost a battle, or failed to win a campaign; that man who could be grand without being gloomy, who was silent but not sullen, who was great without ostentatious pride. Who can forget that brave, time-honored face, with its grave silent strength, its broad sagacity and honesty? Who can forget that manly fight on Mt. McGregor, where he held the silent messenger aside with one hand and toiled with the other, that posterity might know the story of his life; that he might at

last leave his wife and children above want? Who can forget that noble face as it appeared mastered by the emotions of his heart as it melted into manly tears when he realized the depth and strength of the love in which he was at last held by his people? But stop, there is one peak in sight that rivets attention; we stand gazing to the West, head uncovered and awed into silence; we are in the presence of and gazing upon one larger and grander than all others; one whose base is broader, formed of the eternal granite, whose sides are more regular and symmetrical, whose head towers above all its fellows, crowned with a crown which is a badge of peace upon whose broad breast, and facing toward the rising sun it bears that symbol of the Christian world, that hope of mankind, the cross of Jesus. There it is plain and unmistakable, made by the hand of Nature's God of snow, pure and vernal. It is the Mountain of the Holy Cross. There it has stood since man first came to view it, where it will stand through all time, to cheer the weary and oppressed. High and above all human strife and contention, in the pure air of heaven; above the malignity and malice of men, it warns all the children of earth to commune with the Saviour whose symbol it is.

"It will never grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While Heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sand on the plains of the Nile,
And it shall still point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore:
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise
To where its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystal shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart."

A work of nature, yet how like a character brought to the surface by a revolution among men. How like the immortal Lincoln; in stature he towered above his fellows. His feet were planted on those principles of right which formed the base of all his actions and made him as firm thereon as the everlasting granite. Abraham Lincoln, more than any other man who ever breathed, carried into his public life, and vital-

ized in his public conduct the principles of Christianity. A great public man said in 1864: "I believe in the great Jehovah, and next to him believe in and trust Abraham Lincoln." That sentiment was and is the sentiment of the American people. No man has wielded a greater power; great and absolute power as it was, it was unaccompanied by a single act of cruelty, inhumanity or injustice, but was tempered with pity, acts of mercy and tenderness. As we descend again upon the plain and are again among the shifting scenes of every-day life, we look back in the distance to the grandeur of the towering masses we have left, and the feeling comes strong into the mind that these mountain peaks are to endure; planted upon their base of everlasting granite, they shall stand as monuments for all ages overtopping the scenes of man's habitation. They are beyond the power of man to destroy. A new civilization may change the face of the earth, but these eternal landmarks shall escape the havoc of time, when the flood and darkness comes; to them shall be moored the ark of safety which shall carry and preserve amid all change and destruction the spirit of liberty, equality and justice.

RECENT DEATHS.

HENRY H. SCOTT, one of the oldest residents of Burlington, died there August 31st, aged seventy years. He was of Irish birth and the leading Irish-American in southeast Iowa. He was a successful merchant, and had amassed a fortune.

THOMAS G. WILSON, of Eldora, died July 13th, 1889, at the age of eighty years. He had been identified with the interests of Eldora and Hardin county for more than thirty years. He was probably the oldest member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in America, having been made a member in England.

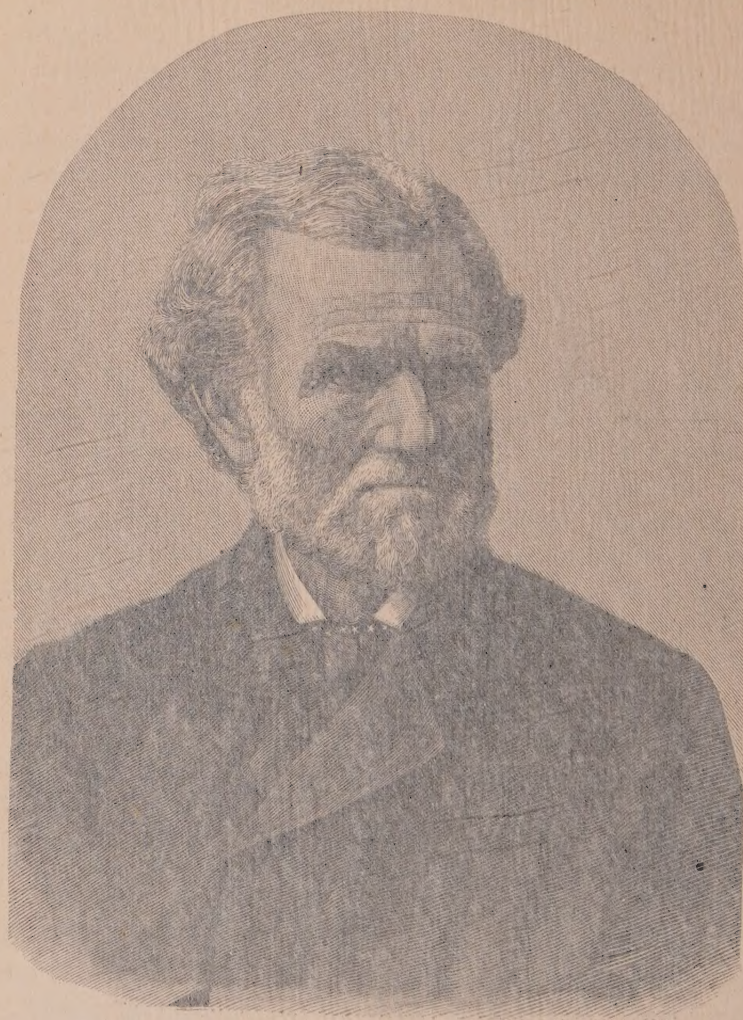
COL. JOHN NELSON DEWEY, born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, February 3d, 1814, a resident of Polk county since 1855, died at his home in Des Moines, September 9th, 1889.

He was a civil engineer, and in that capacity made the surveys of a number of railroads in the East and in Illinois before coming to Iowa. In Des Moines he served that city in the municipal government as alderman and as city engineer. In 1861 he was appointed by Gov. Kirkwood a member of the state committee to audit war claims, and by his prudence and vigilance, the Governor says, saved the state many a dollar.

NOTES.

THE FIRELAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting July 4th last. An address was made by Gen. W. H. Gibson, in which speaking of the war of 1812, he warmly defended Gen. Hull's surrender at Detroit, in 1813, as the well considered act of a brave and prudent general, who looked to the future as well as the immediate results of the surrender. A committee was appointed with a view to securing an appropriation from Congress for the erection of a suitable monument at Put-in-Bay to commemorate the battle of Lake Erie.

THE HON. P. M. CASADY of Des Moines was a member of the legislature which gave names to most of the counties of Iowa, and was chairman of the committee having charge of this matter in one of the houses. To his excellent judgment Iowa is indebted for a county nomenclature little marred by inappropriate titles. Names distinguished in American history, and in science, and among the aborigines, were chosen with excellent taste. The name of Buncombe (changed afterwards to Lyon, in memory of the hero of Wilson's Creek) was given to preserve the name of a distinguished Revolutionary officer of North Carolina, and should be restored by its bestowal on the next new county organized, when it becomes necessary to erect new ones by partition of some of those with too much territory.



Berryman Jennings.

FIRST SCHOOL TEACHER IN IOWA, 1830.

FIRST GRAND MASTER, OREGON, 1851.